




Of such small things are great joys made.



Chaz


 [cvillette](https://cvillette.livejournal.com/)

<https://cvillette.livejournal.com/>
2007-12-03 13:58:00

MOOD: 😊 relaxed

MUSIC: Rasputina - Gingerbread Coffin

There was nothing going at work--okay,

 [Ometotchtli](https://Ometotchtli.livejournal.com/) (<https://Ometotchtli.livejournal.com/>) is run ragged, but the best thing you can do for her when that's going on is to bring coffee and stay out of the way--so I cashed in some of my comp time and came home. Still sore, so I even have an excuse. And it's not like that time is ever going to run out...

As a direct result, I got to use my new red enamel colander to make dinner. (Tuna noodle casserole.)

1/2 bag of medium egg noodles

2/3rds bag of frozen peas

1 can cream of mushroom soup

1 can chunk light tuna, drained and flaked

1/2 bar of cream cheese, chunked up

4 ounces grated very sharp cheddar.

season to taste (it won't need salt, but garlic and paprika are nice)

Cook the noodles, mix them with all the other ingredients except the cheddar, sprinkle the cheddar on top, put it in an oven-safe dish at 350 and bake until gooey. Only perverts put potato chips on top.

Mixing the frozen peas into the just-boiled and steaming egg noodles with your bare hands is an interesting sensory experience.

TAGS: [recipes](#)



[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

ELVIS DOESN'T LIVE HERE

anymore.

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

Poppets. Puppets. Poppet
puppets. Scary.

44 comments



 trollcatz

December 3 2007, 19:06:34 UTC

COLLAPSE

You leeeft me. Well, okay, I could take comp time too.

Wall tonight? Or too sore?

(Isn't that a little downmarket, compared to your usual haute cookery?)



 cvillette

December 3 2007, 19:09:01 UTC

COLLAPSE

It was the first thing I learned to cook, actually. Mom taught me. When she was still alive, she worked nights, and so I cooked sometimes.

Except Mom used canned peas and Velveeta. Or gummint cheese, if it was one of the times we couldn't afford Velveeta.

She said it was her mother's recipe. Probably straight off the back of a box of Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup circa 1951.

Wall tonight sounds excellent. Is your neck good enough?



 trollcatz

December 3 2007, 19:09:23 UTC

COLLAPSE

Neck is fine.

(Admit it, you're just hiding from Mom.)




 cvillette

December 3 2007, 19:09:41 UTC

COLLAPSE

And who was the one who said she wouldn't yell at me?




 [trollcatz](#)

[December 3 2007, 19:10:12 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Didn't yell.

That was just a penetrating glance, that was.




 [cvillette](#)

[December 3 2007, 19:21:40 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

It was a very loud glance.

Also, sometimes those can lead to, "I'd like to see you in my office for a minute. If you're not too busy."



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 3 2007, 19:26:50 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Which is why you mentioned to SSA *Todd* that you were going home early. Ahh, the suspect's motives are coming clear....




 [cvillette](#)

[December 3 2007, 20:22:53 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

What? Chain of command!

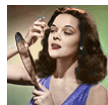
oozing wide-eyed innocence



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 3 2007, 21:33:18 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

ruffles ears



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 3 2007, 21:34:27 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

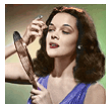
did u c [Charlie Youtube?](#)



 [cvillette](#)

[December 3 2007, 21:37:10 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


omg best wabbit evar tx tx tx!



 [Ometotchtli](#)


[December 3 2007, 21:37:37 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

butofcourse

 [Ometotchtli](#)
[December 4 2007, 15:08:05 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


When you think about it, isn't it funny how she always knows who to blame?

Suppose mom's a secret jammer?

 [trollcatz](#)
[December 4 2007, 16:04:12 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


Or wishes she was. 'Cause, hey, teenage daughters, as the Platypus once pointed out.

She definitely isn't, though. She skips too many meals.

 [trollcatz](#)
[December 4 2007, 00:28:27 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


My mom was a cooking control freak. She didn't teach us how to open a can, even.

I wonder if when she got sick, she thought we were going to starve to death. But since my dad Follows Directions, we were spared that.


 [cvillette](#)
[December 4 2007, 00:36:43 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Hey Daph?

If this is a bad question nevermind, but how old were you?

 [trollcatz](#)
[December 4 2007, 00:44:14 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Thirteen. And thus ensued a comedy of errors, in which little Daphne says, "Dad, can I talk to you about boys and sex and love and stuff?" and her father says, "Nurse Chapel, those are not logical subjects. Please do not mention them on the bridge of a Starfleet vessel again." 8>§

 [cvillette](#)
[December 4 2007, 00:48:40 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


Seven.

You know, I'd probably try to pass you off with some vagueness about how I'm not sure I remember how I learned about girls and sex and love and stuff, except you know I do.

It was Vegas, after all. It's not like you can miss the girls and sex part.

Your dad. I'm not sure I would have swapped revolving foster care for your house. (I mean that in the nicest way possible.)



 [trollicatz](#)

[December 4 2007, 01:01:13 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

He was okay, really, as long as there was no emotional content to whatever was happening. Intellect is the Right Way to address everything, and emotional excess just clouds one's brain.

Which meant when he was unhappy or angry, he was Not Unhappy Or Angry. Tiptoe, tiptoe. It was like trying not to set off a really freaky bomb that exploded silently and that, instead of knocking things down, just made you wish it had.

You know, I'm imagining the young coyote sneezing in the midst of all those ostrich feathers... *g*



 [cvillette](#)

[December 4 2007, 01:11:11 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Sneezing and looking a little crosseyed, really.

I had one family like that. Foster mom was like this really serious type A secret drinker alcoholic, whose only means of processing emotion was to slowly get more and more plastered over the course of the afternoon. She was always sober when the social workers showed up, though.

We got away with murder, though, as long as we never let her see us look anything less than calm and tidy.*

*I wasn't so good at that bit. But one of the other fosters was dealing heroin out his bedroom window for two years before she caught on.

He was fifteen or so. Nice guy. Carlos. He used to buy me and the other younger ones Ring Dings and Snickers with the proceeds, to purchase our silence.



 [trollicatz](#)

[December 4 2007, 01:21:23 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

I had a friend in tenth grade whose mom was like that with valium. I lived a vicarious wild life of freedom when I hung out with her, until her mom got that snap-back effect that valium has and started on mood swings and crazies and screaming fits. Unpleasant incident with hot pan. Her mom went into hospital. Friend moved away.

But you know, I adored the ambulance. Huh. Hadn't thought of that before.



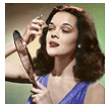
 [cvillette](#)


[December 4 2007, 01:30:42 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Ah, our mis-spent formative years.

How does it feel to be the Beaver of the group, 0?




 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 4 2007, 01:40:16 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

If there is a living human being on the planet who can imagine me in a plaid shirt and a bad haircut...

...let me just say I can fix the "living" part.



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 4 2007, 01:41:51 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

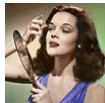
Oh, you're only a little younger than me.

How old were you in 1989?

Hmmm?

no plaid shirts at all?

Will you repeat that under oath?



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 4 2007, 03:49:03 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

plaid shirts are for preppiescum. I had a union jack tshirt with the sleeves ripped off. and mid-calf Docs.

hey, hippie parents. I had to rebel somehow, man.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 3 2007, 19:11:58 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

personally, I am glad to know that somewhere in the back of those cupboards there is a can of creamomush soup. just like in the cupboards of ordinary mortals.

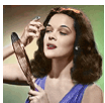


 [cvillette](#)

[December 3 2007, 19:15:51 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Everybody has off days. ;-)

How's the data crunching? Wanna email me some?



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 3 2007, 19:19:56 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

huh. yah, ok, if you're up for it. you crunch, send back to me, I make pass to see if it took the brown acid (tooo much Duke around here). ooooh, trails!



 [cvillette](#)

[December 3 2007, 19:25:44 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

It's either that or daytime television... or WoW. I'm out of books again and too lazy to walk to the library.

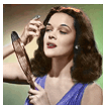
Send it on.



 [cvillette](#)

[December 4 2007, 00:38:07 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Was there any hint of hallucinogenic properties in the data set?




 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 4 2007, 00:50:50 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Hee--I'm so glad you asked. No, it can all go back Down the Hall, and they can get all gumshoe over it. And there's enough to keep them busy until past football playoffs, so prepare for dirty looks as you walk by.

hate to say this where it can be read, but what kind of Silly Season is this? wuz sure this would send us off on endless hooplah.



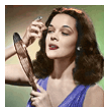
 [trollcatz](#)

[December 4 2007, 00:57:07 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

There's another shoe up there, man.

I can *smell* it.

You notice how jumpy dad is getting?



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 4 2007, 01:04:00 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Dad just needs to get laid.

also, smell of shoes--eeeeuuw.

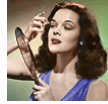


 [trollcatz](#)

[December 4 2007, 01:05:46 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Dad came in wearing a new tie today. Dad may be getting some.

Also, Duke is still getting emails from San Diego Girl. She's obviously not scared to relocate....




 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 4 2007, 01:10:10 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

or she wants to lure him out there and jack his Harley.



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 4 2007, 01:12:08 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

"so to speak"?

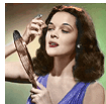
Nah, I mean, she already moved from Killarney to San Diego. What's another 3,000 miles or so?



 [cvillette](#)

[December 4 2007, 00:58:59 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Like they don't dump everything on us whether it's ours or not. They have 33 people. We have eight.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 4 2007, 16:31:57 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

They recognize our obvious superiority.

Backwards and in high heels, baybeez.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 4 2007, 00:30:17 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Also, it's not potato chips. It's canned shoestring potatoes or those crispy fried onions.



 [cvillette](#)

[December 4 2007, 00:37:26 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

ah. Even mice won't eat those onion things.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 4 2007, 00:46:20 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

You freaky Out West people. Maybe *your* mice won't eat them...



 [cvillette](#)

[December 4 2007, 00:50:20 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


Oh, no, the onion things are everywhere out there. People put them on green bean casserole. Because the only thing more appealing than vomit on your holiday table is *crunchy*, onion-scented

vomit.

I won't eat them.

I only eat food.



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 4 2007, 00:52:05 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

shriek of appreciative laughter



 [cvillette](#)

[December 4 2007, 00:56:17 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Don't forget to tip the bartender, and enjoy the buffet.

But not the green bean casserole.

[\[locked\] Dream Journal](#)

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

[Elvis doesn't live here anymore.](#)

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

[Poppets. Puppets. Poppet puppets. Scary.](#)